

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
BENTON, MISSOURI.

LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD HIGSBY.
AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLING AMONG THIEVES," "MY LADY FANTASY," "TIGER," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The appeal was successful. The wounded man raised himself painfully on his arm, and Grey, quickly seizing the opportunity, led the horse to him and helped him to the saddle; then, lightly springing behind him, he held the drooping form of his friend till he reached the camp.

It was a week before Harry Winthrop was able to report for duty, and I believe that more efficacious than all the doctor's stuff he took was the glorious news that Gordon Grey brought him one day that the Governor of Michigan had signed his commission as Lieutenant.

"Eh, but, Harry," the exuberant lad said, as proud of his friend's good fortune as though it was his own, "you missed it after all. Think of it! The fellow you bowled over in the valley round was Mosby himself. Ah, such a chance lost! It is enough to make a man long to kick himself, but we'll hope for better luck next time, and, meanwhile, we'll be content with the grade."

"And, say," he added, with a grin, "now that you have your stripes I guess I shall be obliged to be a little more respectful, so if you see this child getting a little too cheeky you can just pull him up with a rush. T-t-t, old boy, I'm off to evening stables."

CHAPTER III. A SURPRISE.

Amid the stirring scenes of 63 there was not much time for a cavalry man to indulge in romance, but Harry Winthrop found an opportunity to make a brief excursion to the spot where he had been struck down by the unseen foe, for he could not dislodge his mind of the belief that Kate Frohman's presence had been a reality and not the phantasm of delirium, as Gordon Grey had maintained so stubbornly.

Ah, yes, caught in a trap, and the bush close by, dithered a dainty little handkerchief, stained and torn; but, when he read the initials K. F. on its corner, more precious to him than the costliest one the peasants of Belgium ever wove on their swan's-down pillows, he was sure of it.

So Kate was there after all, and this was the mute witness that her love for him was not dead; else, why had she seen to his treatment, if her interestations had not prevailed? Night and day with a lover's fervor he wore the dear relic next his heart through many a month of wild adventure.

To Gordon Grey's surprise he returned to camp with the flush of health mantling his cheek.

"You look fresh as a two-year-old colt, sir," said the incorrigible lad.

"Any news, Grey?" Winthrop asked, as he flung himself from the saddle.

"News? I should think so! The best of news. Fighting Joe Hooker has been killed. Rebs at Williamsburg and pursued Johnston to within seven miles of Richmond."

"That is grand, indeed!"

"Ah, but I've a better story to tell you than that. Stonewall Jackson and Ewell are coming up the valley in force, and we'll see some real fun before the snow falls."

"That threatens Washington," said Harry, gravely. "See Johnston's move; he is doing this to save Richmond."

And it happened as Harry thought it would. Jackson's army turned the tide of battle. Though Fremont brought him to bay at Cross Keys, and Shields hurled his forces against him at Port Republic, he succeeded in raising the siege of Richmond, capturing or destroying immense stores, and retreating after burning the bridges, while Gordon Grey had never a chance to realize his wild dreams of vengeance.

Then came Lee's advance. McClellan met him, and there ensued the Seven Days' Battles, with the final struggle on Malvern Hill, where the Confederate General received so bloody a wound that the Union troops were allowed to retire undisturbed to Harrison's landing, and President Lincoln, notwithstanding the fact that Gordon Grey stood between Washington and the invading army, called for a levy of three hundred thousand men. Then Pope met Lee and Jackson at Brattle's Station, and the army of the Potomac under McClellan, not re-enforcing him, was compelled to face the entire Confederate forces on the old battle-field of Bull Run, when, overwhelmed by numbers, his shattered troops broke in confusion and fled pell-mell.

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quarter of a mile away he saw a substantial house, with a garden in front reaching to the high road, and a trooper's horse, standing impatiently pawing the ground. To dismount and quietly approach was the work of a few minutes. Doubtless the rider was that house, and Harry was resolved to know what he wanted there; and, the better to secure that information, he hid, pistol in hand, behind a tree close to the garden gate.

Presently the door opened and a young Confederate officer and a girl stood in the porch. There was a hurried embrace, one long, passionate kiss, and the lady retired indoors, while the rebel soldier hurried down the path to his charger; but hardly had he touched the horse's bridle than Harry was upon him.

"You are my prisoner," he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "One word to alarm the inmates of that house and you are a dead man!"

"I wish I were," was the hot response, "for my visit here was a breach of discipline—oh! I could not help it—you saw the provocation, and—"

Harry's heart was full of sympathy for the poor fellow.

"Yes, I know, and I'm devilish sorry for

you," he said; "but, nevertheless, you must go with me."

It is not for the capture and its consequences that I care so much, but that dishonor should ever tarnish the name of Frohman is—"

"Frohman! Did you say Frohman?" Harry stammered. He saw in the youth's face the likeness to the girl he loved, and his heart melted with pity, for he knew that he must do this. "Have you a sister Kate? See, lad, is that her picture?" He drew from his breast a locket that he wore and showed it to the wondering Southerner.

"It is my sister Kate, sure enough, I am her youngest brother; and you are?"

"The man who once hoped to call her wife—Harry Winthrop!"

"Harry Winthrop! Then, thank God, I am saved!" A glad light spread itself on the youth's face, and he spoke; but, seeing the stern, sad, determined expression his captor wore, he died away to blank despair.

"Oh, Winthrop," he pleaded, passionately, "you are not going to hold me! It is not for liberty I am begging, but for my honor. I was on an errand of duty, when ill-luck brought me to within a mile of this house, where lives the girl I love. I could not resist the temptation of this brief interview. By all the love you ever bore my sister, I implore you—"

"To give my honor to save your disgrace?" Harry, bitterly, "No!"

"Nay, who would know? While as for the detection is certain if you do not spare me. Besides—"

The youth colored and paused.

"Well, besides?"

"Did Kate hesitate to stand between you and Mosby's men? Oh, you prate of honor—you whose chivalry would lure a little cheap ruffian to fight the valiantest of your good name and freedom! But, see; I plead no more. The words escaped me in the heat of my distress. Forget I ever spoke of Kate. It is a desecration to have used her name to invoke your mercy. I am your prisoner, sir; do with me what you will."

"In God's name, go!" Harry Winthrop cried, lowering his pistol. Her brother shall not plead with me in vain."

He did not return the warm pressure of the Southerner's hand, nor heed the vows of gratitude which dropped from his lips as he rode away, but stood with heaving chest, overpowered with the sense of neglected duty. Then for the first time he noticed a long, blue envelope lying on the turf at his feet, addressed to General Jackson.

"A dispatch from Lee!" he muttered, as he picked it up. "This may make amends for my disgraceful flight. I will carry it to my Colonel and tell him all."

But, though Harry spoke cheerfully, his heart sank when he stood before his commanding officer and in a shame-faced manner poured forth the story of his transgression, for Colonel Litchfield was not a man to condone a breach of discipline. But, while he was speaking, the superior officer was perusing the contents of the dispatch and, having heard a title of his subaltern's confession.

"Oh, yes, I see—a woman in the case, of course, he said, hurriedly. I had heard of a word of your chapter of peccadilloes, but if it is anything short of treason, Winthrop, you have brought your ransom in this sheet of paper. This is a prize worth doubling and telling him all."

"A prize, sir?"

"Yes, of priceless value—Lee's whole line of march—and, by heaven, he's sent Jackson with twenty-five thousand men to drive Miles at Harpers Ferry. If we strike him now the day is ours. You shall take it yourself to General McClellan and tell him—"

"Not how I came by it, sir?"

"No—devil a bit he'll care how you got hold of it. Simply say you found it, and that I hope he will not forget the service done the State by one of my smartest officers."

The effect of Harry's luck was soon made manifest.

In hot haste the Union troops poured into the valley at South Mountain, and Lee fell suddenly back across Antietam creek.

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Harry's heart was full of sympathy for the poor fellow.

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He could see his mother wipe her glasses and read the story of his rapid promotion; he could fancy sister Nell's eyes sparkling with enthusiasm at the kind words the Michigan newspapers had used in describing a gallant raid he had shared against Mosby's men, and he could hear the tremulous words of his father: "My boy Harry!"

The country through which he journeyed was wild and romantic enough. As far as he could he avoided villages and crept along the rugged lanes of the endless woods, guided only by good camping and the never-failing instinct of locality which is essential to a good soldiering. But these details lengthened the journey sadly, and the long rest of mid-day beside a mountain stream had nearly delayed him, so that the shadows of night were closing over the short day, when he approached the worst part of the road—a stony path leading through a glen, whose frowning hills were clothed in sombre trees.

A little to his left he saw twinkling a light in a cottage window. Should he press on in uncertainty trusting to his usual luck, or seek information from the cottage? Either alternative was fraught with danger. Suddenly the deep baying of a dog was heard and in a moment the cottage door was opened and an old woman, shading the light of a candle by her hand, peered into the darkness, while a mastiff bounded from her side in fierce fury down the slope to the open road.

A moment more and the crack of a rifle rang in the air, the hissing bullet snuffed the branches of trees close to Harry's head. In front of him, up the dark road, he saw the glimmer of lights and heard angry voices. He turned to flee, but the road behind him was barred; for the tramp of horses' hoofs was coming in mad haste upon him. One by one the riders came to him—to make a dash down the bed of a little stream, which lay between him and the cottage, and run the gauntlet of the men on the road above.

Harry, however, did not wait to see the overhanging branches, nor nearly flung from his saddle as the gallant beast fell over some big bowlder, with the crash of bullets ringing in his ears, and threatening cries echoed on all sides, he reached at last a broad, open swamp, into whose black slime his charger's legs sunk knee-deep. Here he thought he was comparatively safe, and when he had got out of the shadows of the trees it was lighter, so that he could see something of the way he was going, and, with a sigh of relief, he turned his horse's head away from the road.

"Fo' de Lawd, boss, hol' hard or y'll done gone be in dem quick-sand," cried a voice within a dozen yards of him, and the woolly head of a negro lad peered from a clump of reeds.

Instantly Harry drew the bridle.

"Which way, then, boy, to the Fredericksburg bridge? Five dollars, if you will guide me there."

He could see the lad's teeth glistering in the twilight.

"Clar to goodness, boss," he cried, "I daresent. De road is too dark, and de men on de road is too many."

"And the Union troops—have you seen them?"

"Naw," was the unsatisfactory response. "Dee ain't none round dese parts."

However, with a word of thanks, he reached the uplands, and once more set his horse's head toward Fredericksburg. Then night came on in pitchy darkness. Twice he escaped by a miracle, but the third time he was caught, and he was driven to skirt the fields and woods again. Thus the long night passed, wandering, and the dawn broke, but ever hoping to see the bivouac fires of his own people. To add to his distress rain fell in torrents, drenching him to the skin and chilling him so that he was obliged to walk on feet to stir the circulation in his numb veins.

Then he mounted a little hill, and in the valley beneath saw lights flickering to and fro; he heard the hoarse shouts of men, and knew that the story of his transgression, for Colonel Litchfield was not a man to condone a breach of discipline. But, while he was speaking, the superior officer was perusing the contents of the dispatch and, having heard a title of his subaltern's confession.

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FOUR YEARS MORE.

Keep Up Tariff Agitation and Victory Will Be Ours in 1892.

Those Democrats who are not cast down by a temporary defeat are coming to understand that the "educational campaign" which ended in the defeat of President Cleveland was a great success, regarded merely as an educational campaign. The Republican candidate was elected, but that was a mere legal technicality. The votes—a plurality of them—were cast for Grover Cleveland and tariff reform; and in every State in the Union a larger Democratic vote was polled than was over before required to insure Democratic success. Besides this, the masses of the people were educated in economic questions more in a few months of President Cleveland's great campaign than they could have been by ten years of discussion in any other way. That education, if it is continued, will bear fruit in a Democratic and tariff-reform victory in "four years more."

The only trouble with the last campaign was that it began too late. With the October in 1891, the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania, truly says that "had the National Association of Democratic Clubs been over one year old instead of four months, New York and Indiana and the whole agricultural West would have been for Democratic revenue reform instead of Republican or Federalist monopoly."

The recent address of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs takes the same ground, and urges that there be no cessation of the educational campaign, and explaining the Democratic position on the tariff question. "The association was formed and its members organized too late for the most effective campaign work during the past Presidential contest," says the address; "it failed to stem the tide of Republican misrepresentation and the effect of enormous sums of money handled by the most corrupt and efficient partisan organizations ever known in this country, but with all our disadvantages success was barely attained."

The great manufacturing States of New Jersey and Connecticut were carried. In New York and Indiana, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the working-men stood firmly by the Democracy, as may be seen by a careful examination of the returns from manufacturing centers. Where the people understood the real difference between Republican plutocracy and Democratic equality their verdict was true. Had the active club organization of the Democracy permeated the agricultural States, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana would have had an electoral as well as a popular majority. The honest and intelligent farmers who suffer the most and gain the least from the present excess of taxation would have come forward in blocks of fifty to meet the mercenary and unpatriotic floaters in their blocks of five."

But the Democrats of the country are warned that success in 1892 will be no easy matter, and that the work of opposing truth to error must be begun at once and kept up unremittingly for four years. "We can not safely rely for a victory in the next Presidential election upon the twenty States which elected Tilden in 1876, and which elected Grover Cleveland in 1884. The admission of the Territories, to which each of the great parties has solemnly pledged itself, and the rearrangements consequent upon the next census in the representation of the present States, will change the relative power of each single State and group of States, and will broaden the National contest. To win we will have to fight the whole field, from Maine to California, as hotly as New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana were fought this year."

The address concludes with the statement that "the Democratic party proposes to fight this entire field and upon the same issues as in the past campaign. They are the principles of Thomas Jefferson, the great and first preceptor of the principles of Democracy in this country, as well as of every true and enlightened Democrat who has lived since our birth as a Nation."

Beside this, the address speaks of the formation of at least one Democratic club in every county of the United States, for the purpose of distributing tariff-reform literature and sending out speakers.

If even a small part of the work contemplated by the National Association of Democratic Clubs is performed, the addition of new Republican States like Dakota will have no terrors for the Democratic party. As this able Democratic document says, the party which has truth upon its side never loses a victory when the truth is once made known.—Boston Globe.

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS.

President Cleveland's Commendable Views on Trusts and Monopolies.

Our manufacturers yield fortunes never dreamed of by the fathers of the Republic. The Gulf between employers and employed is constantly widening and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling poor.

Our working-men * * * will reasonably demand a cheaper cost of living in freedom, with freedom for themselves and their children from the doom of perpetual servitude, and an open door to their advancement beyond the limits of the laboring class.

The foregoing extracts from President Cleveland's message form the text of a vicious, illogical Republican attack on the Chief Executive, and a presumptuous insult to the wisdom of every shade of political belief.

The propositions submitted by the President are based on conditions as they exist to-day in all portions of the country. Monopolies, assisted by the Government, which levies taxes for their benefit in the shape of so-called protective tariffs, are everywhere uniting their interests in the form of "trusts" and other unholy combines; production is reduced, not to meet the wants of a competitive market, but to increase the profits of manufacturers; and, following closely upon the election of Mr. Harrison, comes the news of the suspension of cotton-mills and mining industries in the Eastern and Middle States. Every step taken in recent years has, in fact, had a tendency to "yield fortunes to our manu-

facturers never dreamed of by the fathers of the Republic."

Mr. Cleveland's second proposition that "the Gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening," is beyond dispute. Under the existing methods of monopolistic combination, the industrious mechanic or laborer who has, by industry and frugality, succeeded in saving a small amount of capital, can not enter into competition with members of "trusts," and in the nature of things he is compelled to work for others as long as he lives. Knowledge of this fact is in itself sufficient to dull the ambition of working-men and increase the multitude of the toiling poor.

The third proposition is the natural conclusion suggested by the self-evident truth of its two predecessors. Taxed for the benefit of organized capital, prevented by unholy combinations from becoming independent, something must soon be done to secure for the laboring classes the freedom enjoyed by their fathers. No reasonable man desires to rob the inventor or manufacturer of his legitimate profits, but every patriotic citizen should be broad enough in his views to denounce class-rules, whether it is exercised by capitalists or trades-unions.

Capital organized in the form of trusts and uncontrolled by legal restrictions is nothing more nor less than a mild form of anarchy, and has a tendency to breed Anarchists of the Most type. Mr. Cleveland has done well to call attention to this great political truth, and, by restoring to the public domain thousands of acres of lands granted to railroad schemers, has proved himself to be a man entitled to the respect of well-meaning citizens of every shade of political belief. He has during his term of office done nothing to arouse "the basest passions of our nature," as Republican scribblers assert. He has simply pointed out, in a dignified way, the dangers threatening the welfare of the country.—G. W. Weltpier, in America.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Prominent Republicans have their photographs taken cabinet size now. Pittsburg Chronicle.

Mr. Blaine seems to be an elephant—can scarcely call him white—upon the hands of the new railroad President from Indianapolis.—Chicago Sentinel.

The first year of Harrison's four-year administration began with a partial eclipse of the sun, and the last year of it will end with a total eclipse of Harrison.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sherman men in the Foraker club at Columbus, O., propose to withdraw and start a little club of their own. The Kilkenny cat performance is growing in interest.—N. Y. World.

Now Mr. Murchison, alias Osgoodby, wants "recognition" for having written the Sackville letter. It is to be hoped General Harrison is too honorable to reward such a trick.—Chicago Times.

Senator Riddleberger is a gentleman full of good intentions and bad methods. When he is sober his good intentions are balked by his partisanship, and when he is drunk they are brought to naught by his incapacity.—Philadelphia Record.

No matter who first formulated the maxim that "Public Office is a Public Trust." Its truth is the main thing. And the men who act on Senator Ingalls' idea that "public office is a private snap" are sure to come to grief in the end.—N. Y. World.

The Republican Senators are striving to fix duties upon a basis of combination prices and not with reference to the prices caused by that competition in the home market which they once described as the greatest blessing derived from a high tariff.—N. Y. Times.

If the high protectionists think that the friends of tariff reform are downcast by the defeat of November they are mightily mistaken, and they have only to look about them to prove that fact. The tariff reformers have never for a moment lost heart, and, to tell the truth, they have redoubled their efforts.—Omaha Herald.

John W. Wamamaker is desperately mad because some folk are mooring at his candidacy for the Postmaster-Generalship. He said to Colonel New the other day: "I'll do as well as Vilas or Dickinson or Hatten or Gresham or any of 'em has done before me; there isn't one of 'em that ever had enough practicality to cut out a coat or to press a pair of pants."—Chicago News.

Republican Fine-Workers.

The complaint of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of the Prohibition organ called the Voice, charges upon Quay, Clarkson and Dudley the theft of that journal's subscription lists, for purposes of the recent campaign. The exposure covers nine columns of the Voice, and alleges that Dudley, Clarkson and Quay bribed employees of the Voice with money, and promised them positions under the Government if Harrison should win. These allegations, if brought home, would have two good effects. It is well, in the first place, that many proofs of Dudley's villainy should be forthcoming in order that the people should abandon the idea that Dudley is persecuted for political reasons. He has been a rogue since 1880, and the hypocrites of the Republican party, like Harrison, Sherman, Hoar, Boutwell and the whole canting tribe, have honored him for it. The more valiant he grew as a briber and suborner the farther back he walked into the council chambers of the party whose corruption funds he disbursed. It is well, in the second place, that the gap should widen between the Republican and Prohibition parties. If the Voice should convict Quay, Clarkson and Dudley of the crime now charged it would be difficult for the bribers to stay in authority for more than one term. The corruption which has set in is too gross and palpable to be tolerated for the twenty years of which Republican bards are singing.—Chicago Herald.

AGRICULTURAL GOSSIP.

Readable Comments on Three Important Farm Topics.

Much has been said in regard to the feeding of cattle and the various ways of preparing food. But mischief is done by leaving out of the question the differences in the various conditions under which cattle are fed. In some cases one way may be the best that would be the worst in others. No doubt grinding grain is economical for cows and for a house-reared steer which is fed for a farmer's domestic supply of meat. But when a number of cattle are fed the labor of feeding meal and of tying up the animals in stalls eats up the profit, especially now that stock are so low in price. I am feeding a number of beoves, both young and mature, and I have found that unhusked corn is better liked by the stock and is more economical feeding than meal. The cattle eat more, digest the food better, make more growth, and are easily managed. Even yearlings do better upon this cheap food.

The question of open-air feeding as compared with tight and warm barns is another which has two sides. Last year I fed twenty head of cattle in a lot by themselves through the winter on hay, with a small quantity of ear corn. They were under a roof, and have ranged in a wood all summer. A few weeks ago I brought three steers of this lot into a comfortable barn, and put them in stalls to be fattened. They all lost appetite, became restless, and lost weight rapidly, and after a month's trial they were turned out again. The habits of the cattle and several other circumstances must be considered before the feeder can profitably adopt new methods or apply what are known as scientific practices. And as regards the matter of warmth, it is unquestionable that an animal tied in a barn at a temperature of forty degrees will be very much colder than one in the open air in a sheltered lot at twenty degrees lower temperature.

Another very common impression prevailing among those who write for the instruction of farmers, but which is opposed to the experience of some is that "good stock is always salable." What is good stock? Generally it is supposed to be the pure-bred or crosses of it, and which are consequently costly. But more truly, good stock consists of those kinds of animals that are the best suited for the circumstances in which they are kept and for the purposes of the owners. Scrub cattle making 500 or 600 pounds of beef are stock for some places, and the common run of cows that can be sold for beef at any time are often more profitable than the most costly Jerseys. I have a lot of common cows that I can sell readily for \$20 to \$30. My next neighbor has a lot of pedigree Jersey cows which cost him an average of \$200 each. He is vainly offering calves for \$20 each. It is clear that I have the best stock for the locality and circumstances, although elsewhere it might be the worst. In considering all such questions it must not be forgotten that circumstances alter cases always.—N. Y. Times.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

The Golden Rod as the Floral Emblem of the American Republic.

Boston and vicinity, where so many wise and good people reside, are agitating the question of selecting a National flower—a floral emblem of the American Republic. Science seems to favor the high-standing, graceful golden-rod, of hardy growth and artistic plumage. It is agreed by botanists, florists and poets that of all the wild-flowers, the golden-rod comes nearest to being peculiarly indigenous to this country and to being ubiquitous in all the States than any other, and that it is, therefore, entitled to the honorable distinction of being selected as the symbol of our nationality.

The fuchsia has always impressed us as "the daisy" of all the flowers, but with all its grace of form and beauty of color, it has an unfortunate habit of hanging its pretty head down toward the ground, as if it were either afraid or ashamed of something, and neither causeless fear nor causeless shame is a characteristic of the United States or its people.

And perhaps it will be as easy for our people to concentrate their preferences upon the golden-rod as upon any other flower. The May-flower is entitled to consideration, and it is objected to because of its modesty and shyness. The golden-rod is lacking in fragrance, it is true, and is not specially beautiful, but it is a familiar friend; every body knows it when he sees it, and nobody that we are aware of has any thing against it—no prejudice, no grudge, no malice. It stands proudly upright, like a plumed knight; it comes in late, and is in no great hurry to leave after getting here; it withstands wind and storm right bravely, and bows its yellow head in dignified courtesy to all the world.

The golden-rod is a genuine American, and, as such, it is destined to be the post of honor, let us bid it welcome. The office-seeking politician may "put up his lightning-rod" the schoolmaster may "have a rod in his jurisdiction; and the magician may with his diving-rod attempt to "call spirits from the vasty deep," but give to Yankeeedom the golden-rod as the floral symbol of its dignity, grace and hardihood. If not, why not? Oscar Wilde has immortalized the sun-flower as the mark of the dude. Why can not those of us who are not dudes set as the posey of our National worship a flower that is dudsish neither in aspect nor pretension—the golden-rod?—Chicago Journal.